Commit no secrets to thy second self,
For never yet was Ape but plaid the Elfe.
Set Snares for Woodcocks, Pitfals for small Birds,
And catch a Fool with nothing but fair Words.
Kill not a Fly, and let a Flea alone,
That sucks the Blood, but never hurts the Bone.
File not thy Fingers with a filthy Shin,
And ride not often on a gall'd-back Cur.
Fear not a Shadow, but avoid a Danger,
And do not keep a Jade at Rack and Manger.
Dissuade no Princes from their choice of Pleasure,
Nor a Rich Miser from his love of Treasure:
If he be Rich, whatever-so he be,
Seem in thy humour to be just as he;
If he be Poor, then let him beg alone,
It is a Trade that few grow rich upon.
Learn to know Kingdoms, Nations, and their Natures,
Their Laws, their Judgments, Male and Female Creatures;
But in all Notes, note chiefly this of all,
How thou may'st rise whoever hap to fall.
For whatsoever honest minds surmise,
To increase Wealth is best of Policies.
Be rich therefore, I say, be rich my Son,
For Wealth will sway the World when all is done.

FINIS.

LONDON, Printed for T. Burrel, 1681.

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AN EPODE

To his worthy Friend

Mr. John Dryden,

To Adviſe him not to Anſwer Two malicious Pamphlets againſt his Tragedy called, *The Duke of Guiſe.*

CAN Angry Frowns reſt on thy Noble Brow
For Trivial Things?
Or can a ſtream of muddy Water flow
From th' Muſes Springs?
Or great *Apollo* bend his Vengeful Bowe
'Gainſt popular Stings?
Deſiſt thy Paſſion then; do not engage
Thy ſelf againſt the Wittals of the Age.

Should we by ſtiff *Tom Thimbles* Faction fall,
Lord! with what noiſe
The *Coffee*-Throats would bellow! and the Ball
O'th' *Change* rejoyce!
And, with the Company of *Pinners-hall*,
Lift up their Voice!
Once the Head's gone, the Good Cauſe is ſecure,
The Members cannot long reſiſt our Pow'r.

Croſs not their Humours, let the Wits proceed,
'Till they have thrown
Their Venom up; and made themſelves indeed
Rare Fops O'regrown:
Let them on naſty Garbage Prey, and Feed,
Till all is done;
And by thy great reſentment think it fit,
To cruſh their Hopes as humble as their Wit.

Conſider the occaſion, and you'l find
Your ſelf ſevere:
And unto Raſhneſs much more here enclin'd,
By far than there.

Con-

Conſider them, as in their proper Kind,
'Tween Rage and Fear.
And then the Reaſon will appear moſt plain;
A Worm that's trod on will turn back again.

What if they Cenſure without Brain, or Sence,
'Tis now the faſhion:
Each giddy Fop endeavours to commence
A Reformation.
Pardon 'em for their Native Ignorance,
And Brainſick Paſſion:
For after all, True Men of Sence will ſay,
Their Works can never parallel thy Play.

'Twere fond to Pamper Spleen, 'cauſe Owls deteſt
The Light of Day;
Or real Nonſence, which endures no Teſt,
Condemns thy Play.
Lodge not ſuch petty Trifles in thy Breaſt,
But barr their ſway:
And let them know, that thy Heroick Bays
Can ſcorn their Cenſure, as it doth their Praiſe.

Think not thy Anſwer will their Vice reclaim,
Whoſe Heads are proof
Againſt all Reaſon; and in ſpight of ſhame,
Will ſtand aloof.
'Twould cheriſh farther Libels on thy Fame,
Should thoſe thee move.
Stand firm, my *Dryden*, Maugre all their Plots;
Thy Bays ſhall Flouriſh, when their Ivy Rots.

But if you are reſolv'd to break your uſe,
And baſely ſin
In Anſwer. I'le be ſworn ſome Haggard Muſe,
Has you in her Gin;
Or in a fit you venture to abuſe
Your *Polyhimn*.
You may ſerve him ſo far,—But if you do,
All your true Friends, *Sir*, will Reflect on you.

FINIS.

LONDON: Printed by *J. Grantham*, 1683.